VT: Enterprise vs. Chimaera Part 2

by WanderingManiac

> <meta name="Generator"> Disclaimer: I don't own the story, nor could I reach the author at the address given

Disclaimer: I don't own the story, nor could I reach the author at the address given. Wayne, if you're out there, and you don't like me doing this, BITE ME. You should've answered my email. Sharon belongs to Sharon. Ann owns Ann.

I own Amanda (well, duh! It's me!) Armand and company belong to Anne Rice. This MSTing was brought to you by the letters Q and L. WARNING all insanity was written while listening to my prized "Master of Puppets" midi. I can proudly say that I own the midi, as well as this fic.

Author's note: Hi. Any spelling errors are Ann Schumin's fault. Not mine. I don't know how, but they are. Oh, and pardon the lack of host segments. I'm feeling lazy today.

[Insert host segment of your choice here]

6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

"Enterpris D versus Imperial Star Destroyer"

by louis@h4h.com (Wayne Poe)

Lestat: DéjÃ vu deluxe!

Armand: Haven't we been through this already?

CHAPTER 2

All: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO!

The Imperial Star Destroyer Chimaera slowed to a halt,

Louis: Driver's ed. class really is a pain in the butt.

its standard TIE Interceptor swarm flying a defense pattern

around it. Captain Pellaeon stared at the forward viewport, at

the alien ship sitting only kilometers away.

Lestat: Oooooh… shiny!

"I want a full sensor scan of that ship, Ensign Ward."

he said, directing his command to the port crew pit.

Armand: Go straight for two miles. Turn left on Mill Lane…

"Aye sir!" came the clipped reply.

Lestat: Yep, it was neatly trimmed.

Pellaeon turned as he heard the approaching footfalls of

Grand Admiral Thrawn approach. The pale blue brows furrowed,

as Thrawn stared at the ship beyond.

Louis: (Thrawn) It blinked! I win!

"Have these new players

Lestat: Hey! I'm the pimp daddy around here!

confiscated the shuttle, Captain?" Thrawn asked.

"No sir, Admiral.

Armand: No sir? Are they all gone?

The shuttle consumed itself just

before we entered the quadrant.

Louis: Sheesh. Talk about your hunger pains.

The spy is dead."

All: (singing) Ding, dong! The spy is dead!

Thrawn's red eyes regarded the captain cooly.

"Interesting that the ship out there did nothing to

help."

All: (yawn)

Pellaeon turned to the Admiral. "I really don't see

what they could have done, sir."

Louis: Get glasses, you dork.

"Neither do I..for now."

Lestat: He must be temporarily blind.

Armand: How do you figure that?

Lestat: He doesn't see now, but he will later.

Louis: You've heard about the blind guy, right?

Lestat and Armand: Noâ€¦

Louis: He picked up his hammer and saw.

(Lestat and Armand groan)

Thrawn stared hard at the alien

ship,

Armand: Forget it Thrawn, the ship's not going to blink.

traced its lines with his eyes..and a hint of a smile

crossed his lips.

Lestat: Cross my lips and hope to live.

"Captain! Our scan is being returned!" Ensign Ward

called.

Louis: (Ensign Ward) Somebody get this delivery man off of the
bridge!

Pellaeon turned toward the crew pit.

Lestat: I get the oddest feeling he's chasing his tail.

Louis: Well, these are the WELL-TRAINED officers of the Imperial
Fleet.

Lestat: Yep. I but they're having a DOG-gone good time.

Armand: Cut it out. This is bad PUN-ishment.

Louis: We wouldn't want to give you a-PUN-dicitis.

"Jam their signal, Ensign." he said.

Armand: (Ensign Ward) Grape or raspberry, sir?

Thrawn turned

Lestat: Great. Now Thrawn's chasing his tail.

and walked over to the communications

consoles. Pellaeon went to join him.

Louis: (Pellaeon) Dang Grand Admiral's. They keep falling apart on deck.

"Lieutenant, establish ship to ship communications."

Armand: As opposed to air molecule to air molecule communications?

Thrawn ordered.

Lestat: Two Big Macs, one large fry, and a small Coke.

The Lieutenant complied, and nodded to the

Lestat: Wall.

Admiral to begin. "Unidentified ship, this is Grand Admiral

Thrawn,"

Pellaeon looked at the Admiral with astonishment!

Armand: He was really a woman!

Why would he tell a possibly rebellion-friendly ship who he was?

Louis: (shrug) Why not?

Over the past year, they had taken great pains to prevent the

rebels from knowing about his existence. After all, wasn't

that why they pursued the rebel spy here in the first place?

Armand: I thought they were trying to eliminate the Rebels one by one.

To kill him before he could relay this very fact? The comm

screens cleared, revealing a regal man

Lestat: Picard? Regal? HA!

in some sort of red uniform.

Thrawn continued; "You have strayed into Imperial held

space, and interfered with a recovery mission. We demand you

release the rebel spy to us..immediately."

Louis: Yeah! Youâ€¦ youâ€¦ you mean people taking up too much space

in the story so that there's no room for spaces between '…' and words.

Pellaeon was completely baffled now.

Armand: Yes, well that's not so unusual.

How could that ship have the rebel spy? The man on the screen answered, the comm unit translating his words into basic.

"This is Captain Jean-Luc Picard, Captain-Federation

starship Enterprise.

Armand: Well, I've never heard of that rank before.

We were brought here by misadventure, Admiral.

Lestat: "Misadventure" my left big toe! Riker's behind this and he's done it all on purpose.

We have corrected the error, and will be leaving this

quadrant momentairily."

Louis: That's right! Go on! Get out of here! And take your funny-looking starship with you!

"What is the condition of the pilot you've brought

aboard your vessel, Captain?" Thrawn persisted.

Armand: Let's say it together…

All: He's dead, Jim.

The man on the screen hesitated, then spoke. "He is in

good health. The captain looked over to an officer on his

left, before continuing.

Louis: Waitaminute! Why am I saying my stage directions?

"Our Prime Directive dictates that we comply with your request. If you would permit us a few moments to make the arrangements, we will return him to you."

Lestat: (Picard) Just be sure to keep the radio collar on him so he doesn't rip out his stitches.

Thrawn smiled, but his eyes remained menacing. "I am

Armand: (Thrawn ala. Doctor F.) the God! I am the God! I am the God!

confident that you will. We await your next transmission.

Chimaera out."

Thrawn had the Lieutenant cut communications, and the

screen went blank. He turned to Chimaera's captain. "Close

your mouth, Captain.

Louis: What kind of an order is that?

You resemble a Sarlacc when you leave it

hanging open like that."

Lestat: (Pellaeon) Bite me!

Pellaeon blinked, then closed his mouth, only to open it

again. "But how could you have possibly known?"

Louis: Special people don't need reasons.

Thrawn headed back to the command walkway. He gestured

toward the viewport.

Armand: (Thrawn) Lookit all the shiny-happy starrythingymagies!

"Study her lines, Captain. No hard edges. Pleasing to the eye. That
is no warship."

Louis: In fact, it's a piece of cheese.

Pellaeon looked out at the Enterprise, as Thrawn

continued. "Notice the oversised sensor suite? The lack of

heavy weaponry? That is an exploratory vessel."

Pellaeon's brow creased in confusion.

Armand: Yes, well, that's not so unusual.

"Yes...sir. But how did they rescue that pilot?

Lestat: (Thrawn) He jumped through a plot hole.

And how did you know that they did?"

Lestat: (Thrawn) Because I'm special.

Thrawn walked toward the crew pit, and descended the

stairs. Pellaeon followed.

Louis: Ooohâ€¦ just like a little puppy.

"Ensign," Thrawn said, "Call up the sensor data on that

shuttle just before its destruction.

"Aye sir!" the ensign replied, albeit nervously. His

sensor screen scrawled with graphics and data that the
Admiral

requested.

Armand: So many jokesâ€¦ so little space.

All three watched the screen up to the the point just before the
shuttle blew.

"There! Hold!" Thawn commanded. The ensign stabbed the

pause command.

Lestat: (Ensign) Die! MWAHAHAHAHAHA!

Thrawn turned to Pellaeon. "See that abnormal energy reading just
before the shuttle exploded?"

All: Nope.

The captain peered closer to the screen. "Yes. What
is

that?"

Louis: It's an abnormal sensor reading.

Pellaeon reached over the ensign's shoulder, and called

for a computer analysis on the anomoly. "Some sort of

matter/energy transferance?" He whispered.

He looked up to Thrawn, but the Admiral had already made

his way back up the stairs. Cursing, Pellaeon followed.

Armand: (Pellaeon) Damn the Grand Admiral and his stairsâ€¦ damn
them!

"These explorers are refined human beings, Captain,"

Lestat: As opposed to what? Refined cows?

Thrawn continued, "They would hardly stand by and watch a life

form die." Pellaeon looked again at the alien ship. Its
lines

Armand: â€¦were ,in fact, the shiny happy lines that they appeared to
be.

resembling a pleasure galleon.

Louis: Y'know, I've always wondered why they call them "pleasure
galleons."

Lestat: Well, they're only pleasure galleon if you're horny.

Armand: â€¦

He shook his head. He would

never know how Thrawn could be so certain about his leaps of

logic. As if reading his mind, the Admiral continued his

lesson.

Louis: (Thrawn) If two plus two equal 5, them 3 plus 3 must equal 7.

"Its lines denote the people who built her, Captain. But her configuration, exhaust trail and power curve

Lestat: I'll say! Good thing I drive a Porsche.

specify that that is a matter/antimatter driven craft."

"Certainly not, Admiral. M/A drives are the most

obsolete, inefficient and unstable follys in this galaxy!"

Armand: Yeah!

Thrawn nodded. "Yes, Captain. THIS galaxy...."

Louis: Somebody needs to clean up those extra dotsâ€¦

Well, that's all for now guys! Part three coming soon!

End
file.